

New York Tribune.

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The Railroad Wage Situation.

It is necessary to discriminate between the cases of the trainmen and railway conductors, who are now threatening to strike if their demands are not granted, and those of the engineers and firemen, to whom boards of arbitration recently awarded standardization of wages and increased pay. The pay of the trainmen and conductors was increased in 1910, and their wages were standardized at that time. Instead of the process of standardization remaining to be completed with the trainmen and conductors, it was begun with them.

It cannot be said, therefore, that the trainmen and conductors should get increases now "because the other classes of railroad labor have just had their wages advanced." The present situation does not call for a merely formal "evening up" of the trainmen and conductors with the engineers and firemen. The question whether the trainmen and conductors should receive higher wages should be settled on its merits. Are they entitled to more pay? If they are, then probably so are the engineers and firemen, and the process of demanding and receiving more wages will begin again.

For settling the present dispute right and for settling the future disputes that will follow it, the present method of arbitration under the Erdman act is inadequate. Every one concedes the unfairness of a commission of three members, only one of whom is neutral, to pass upon questions of such magnitude as are involved in these railroad wage controversies. The railroad workmen concede it. The firemen, after the arbitration of their demands was effected, joined with the railroads in asking Congress to amend the Erdman act so as to provide for larger commissions. The leaders of the trainmen and conductors are reported to have admitted that the present law is defective. Yet, with the present controversy coming on, the amendment of the act is held up in the House of Representatives.

The public is interested because there is need of an arbitration system strong enough to settle these wage questions and settle them right, so that they will stay settled for a reasonable time; strong enough to say no to the workmen if they should have no said to them, and strong enough to turn a deaf ear to the railroads if justice is on the other side. Arbitration should have some other object than merely patching up a quarrel. Of such patching there is no end.

The Incubus of Patronage.

Senator Works, of California, is going to introduce a bill intended to lessen the intolerable burden of appointments to office now saddled on the President. The Senator's idea is to create a federal commission of appointments, consisting of three members, who shall make suggestions as to selection of most of the federal officers not now in the classified service.

Mr. Works wants to help out the President, a large amount of whose valuable time is now frittered away considering the claims and qualifications of candidates for office. But a provision of his bill would also help out Congress, which is diverted too much from the business of lawmaking by its desire to influence Presidential appointments. It is proposed to forbid Senators and Representatives from making recommendations of any sort in regard to patronage, and such a prohibition would have a highly beneficial effect in restoring the prestige and independence of the legislative department. Many Senators and Representatives complain now that they are not free to vote as they please because patronage hunters they must retain the friendship of the administration. They ought to be able to see that they can never become really free until they cease to haunt the federal pie counter.

The Works idea is all right. But will it turn out that a majority of the members of the House and Senate really want to become free and independent?

The Terror of the Highways.

According to a report just issued at Albany, seventy-five automobile accidents now occur in this state every day. The number of motor cars registered with the Secretary of State has increased from 1,000 in 1901 to 120,000 in 1913, and probably 5,000 to 10,000 cars licensed in neighboring states are constantly using our highways. The chronic condition of peril created by this extraordinary increase in road traffic of the most hazardous kind can hardly be realized until the full record of accidents for a given period is put into figures.

With seventy-five accidents daily to its credit during the open months the recklessly driven automobile must take high rank among the agencies which put up life and casualty insurance rates. The motor car's value as a contribution to economy in time and personal convenience would be greatly diminished if its use necessarily entailed so high an accident rate. But the Secretary of State reports that few of the accidents which now occur are due to faults in the machine. They are due almost invariably to a deliberate disregard of ordinary precautions on the part of drivers, whose contempt for their own safety, the safety of passengers in their own and other conveyances and the safety of pedestrians amounts almost to criminal mania.

It is a mockery of common sense to insist that the engineers who drive trains on a protected railroad track should be both highly trained and absolutely exemplary in their habits and then to allow chauffeurs with slight experience and a still slighter sense of responsibility, often more or less intoxicated, to run automobiles at will on the public roads. As the Secretary of State justly says, "many more dangers lie in the unrestricted right of way of a motor vehicle operator" than lie in the path of the railroad engineer.

The public is not sufficiently aroused to the menace of reckless automobile driving, and an excessive

penalty in loss of life and bodily injury will continue to be paid until effective restrictions are put on the operations of irresponsible, speed-mad drivers.

"Getting" Sulzer.

None of the Tammany legislators' usual tenderness for Governor Sulzer. The Senate could weep over the criminal Stilwell; the word "conspiracy" describing the alleged improper relations between Justice Cohan and Connolly wrung the breast of Murphy's prosecutor of the judge. But toward the irreclaimable Sulzer the face of the ordinary lachrymose investigator is as flint. There are sins which even the vast humane tolerance of Tammany cannot cover, and such are the Governor's.

No technicality will bar the way toward exposing and punishing this colossal offender. The legislative committee will not stand upon a narrow construction of its authority. The independence of the executive department will not be allowed to interfere with the stern inquisition. Nothing will be "too harsh." No one will have cause to complain that this quest for wrongdoing is half-hearted. No one fears the use of whitewash when the committee's labors are done.

With a legislative committee after the Governor and a woman with a scandalous suit after him, Tammany's chances of "getting" him must look hopeful. The woman in the case, however, should be careful that her reputation is not damaged by the coincidence which causes her to appear to be making common cause with a Tammany legislative committee.

Little Feminists.

The feminist movement extends to the young. The recent census of play upon New York streets made by the People's Institute revealed the boys playing only one game not also played by girls—to wit, football. Baseball proved to be the favorite game of the girls, as it was of the boys. And every other game favored by the boys was also enjoyed by the girls, with the one exception of football.

Even the boy's vices are no longer taboo to his sister. In this census of play on the streets eight girls were found shooting craps. Eight girls were also caught smoking.

And while we note this further evidence of the triumph of the sex let us ask what has become of that good old word "tomboy." Has any one heard it in a decade? It used to have its terrors for the precursors of the woman's movement, the early rebels against restrictions based on sex, a generation ago. Do the dictionaries now mark it as obsolete? Or has it now become a term of approval? The tomboy has come to her own.

Wonder.

From Norfolk, Conn., comes a report of the death of Calvin Sylvermale, aged ninety. The only distinction attributed to Mr. Sylvermale is that of never having ridden on a railroad train.

We wish that we could remember our own first railway journey—for the experience denied to the Connecticut nonagenarian, or which he denied himself, is essentially as marvellous as that of the airman, chanted nowadays by poets like Rostand and D'Annunzio. First experiences are worth treasuring in memory, for custom states even miracles. Timothy Flint, the New England Congregationalist who went as a missionary into the Southwest, made his first long journey over the rails in 1833. In an article which he contributed to "The Knickerbocker Magazine" of October, in that year, one reads:

In passing on the railroad from Schenectady to Albany one experiences the unique sensation, with which it must require a long time to become familiar, resulting from the swift motion of a long line of cars following the smoking engine, as if it were a thing of life. The gentleness of the motion renders it difficult to estimate its rapidity, which is easily measured, however, by the apparent dizzying flight of trees and fences.

It was several months later that Ralph Waldo Emerson first trusted himself to the new kind of travel machine. He describes the experience thus in his "Journal":

One has dim foresight of hitherto uncomputed mechanical advantages who rides on the railroad, and, moreover, a practical confirmation of the ideal picture that matter is phenomenal, while men and trees and barns whiz by you as fast as the leaves of a dictionary. As our teakettle hissed along through a field of May flowers we could judge of the sensations of a swallow who chimes by trees and bushes with about the same speed. The very permanence of matter seems compromised, and oaks, fields, hills, hitherto esteemed symbols of stability, do absolutely dance by you.

Since the marvel of travel by steam is as great as it ever was, and the speed of it much increased, isn't it rather a pity that we never stop to think it over? True youthfulness is the ability to take nothing for granted; sense of wonder and power of enjoyment are not many degrees removed.

The Redemption of the Congo.

So much was said a few years ago about "red rubber" and the hideous abuses in the Congo State that at least passing record ought now to be made of the formal ending of that humanitarian campaign and the disbandment of that Congo Reform Association which was its protagonist. This was effected recently in London in a meeting which was marked with felicitations upon the successful completion of one of the best works of our time for humanity and civilization.

There is reason for confident belief that the redeemed Congo, under the rule of justice and humanity, will be a far more prosperous land and will return greater profits to its cultivators than under the old regime of oppression, torture and murder.

The Senate's Tax on Foreign Books.

The tax of 15 per cent *ad valorem* which the Senate has imposed on books printed wholly or chiefly in foreign languages is, like the proposed tax of 25 per cent on sculptures and paintings less than fifty years old, a surrender to the superstitions of the Dark Ages. The House of Representatives continued the liberal practice of the present tariff law, admitting free of duty all books printed in foreign languages, but the Senate, apparently for the sake of a small amount of revenue, has decided to put a tax on them on the theory that they are a luxury enjoyed exclusively by the well-to-do.

That is an absolute misconception. Foreign books are not brought in here to any extent merely for the individual enjoyment of those who purchase them. Most of them go into the hands of students or teachers. Technical books are needed by physicians, engineers, architects and critics, and even poetry, fiction and historical works are used largely by those who want to master or teach foreign languages. It is absurd to classify such purchasers with those who indulge in foreign luxuries like Parisian wardrobes, real Havana cigars or certified vintage wines.

Foreign books are a valuable source of education, just as foreign sculptures and paintings are. The ideas which they bring in are turned to general use.

The contributions which they make to knowledge and public taste have a universal effect. They enable many Americans to do much better work, and it is no less foolish to put a tax on that sort of helpfulness than it would be to tax institutions of learning for the privilege of giving instruction or to compel members of the medical and other learned professions to take out internal revenue licenses.

The United States should welcome all means of education and intellectual proficiency and try to get the greatest possible benefit out of them. It is Rip Van Winkleism to raise a barrier against facilities for enlightenment simply because they come to us from abroad.

Johannesburg seems to be having a worse time than even in the days of the Jameson raid.

Some socially inclined New Yorkers have just incorporated the Down Town Nutt Club. They are almost as courageous in the choice of names as the organizers of the well known Tough Club of Greenwich Village.

AS I WAS SAYING

The best advertisement, always, is the self-repeater—some catchy phrase that every one will quote—"There's a reason," for instance; or "He won't be happy till he gets it."

Be quotable. Thus you make half the population your willing sandwich men; and just think what oceans of printer's ink you save! Once started, your advertisement goes whooping down the corridors of time, and nothing can stop it.

This is why the men of genius who write advertisements cudge their brains for self-repeaters. Also, it is why no salaries are thought too princely for those men of genius. So be it! They earn their keep. Only the other day one of them produced the immortal masterpiece that millions are now quoting: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you ride on the Railroad."

When last they met, Smith's dentist had locomotor ataxia in one eye, a blinder on the other, and orders from the oculist to knock off work. So Smith hopped right into the chair, like a sensible little man, and had a tooth filled.

We mention this placid incident because Smith took a risk to rid himself of agony, and people often prance to the surgeon on much the same errand and at almost the same risk. The dentist might have killed Smith. Smith knew it.

But now listen to dear, good, fussy Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who thinks operations for the sake of peace and comfort sheer fol-de-rol, and insists that we should never luxuriate in them except when total extinction stares us in the face. Thus Ella:

"Any physician who is ready to make a positive statement that an operation is the only escape from death for a patient ought to be willing to put that statement in writing. No man or woman should submit to the knife if his physician refuses to do this."

Whew! Run away, little girl! This chatter disturbs us.

Imagine a physician signing a statement like that! Would you? Not much! Suppose the patient should back out after all, and somehow survive, and turn up grinning, with a horrid, mean "Hello, Doc! Got the laugh on you now!" and twit you the rest of your days! That might happen, you know, for some patients can grin while they ache.

Better not chance it, as the safer way is to smooth things over by wishing the rebel a short life and a merry one, and promising to come to his funeral and say, "Tee-hee." Generally the opportunity will arrive soon enough.

This explains why we have so scrupulously avoided poking fun at dear, good, fussy Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She wields a mighty influence. Thousands will take her advice, and how the jolly process of elimination will advance the intelligence of the race!

"Be a man of Culture and Power! The Course in Practical English will awaken latent powers and ambitions. It will develop personal magnetism, concentration, will power, and build up a personality that will command recognition and advancement."

Our first reflection, on meeting this announcement, was "???" But presently we felt better. At all events, here was something that could be taught by correspondence, whereas lion taming, violin playing, elocution and locomotive engineering are studies few can master with real success outside the asylum, no matter what the prospectuses say.

And it strikes us that Practical English will certainly insure recognition and advancement. How did Mr. Bertram Llewellyn McKillie win his eminence in the business world? By Practical English. Trottled about among captains of industry mentioning "the mystical, esoteric cryptogram," and bowled them over right and left. "A wizard! A man of brains!" they said, and made him General Manager.

And just see what happens when people are deprived of Practical English. As this is the season of open windows and wonderful growing weather for teeth, numerous cases are now within earshot, and how they do squall! This is because they have no other language. Up, brethren! Enroll them in the new correspondence school! Much hullabaloo will be averted when they have learned a few simple, easy, practical swear words.

Rarely 10,000 plays a year are written in America, whereas they tell us that France, with less than half our population, writes nearly three times as many plays. No wonder! Dramatists enjoy great liberty in France. They are free to depict life in all its myriad aspects. They can employ any plot, and light it up with a gay, versatile, untrammelled humorosity. Everything goes.

Hence the multiple, varied splendors of the drama in France—one problem, one plot, one joke.

The "third annual repaving of Fourth avenue below 14th street" has greatly puzzled Mr. R. T. Williams, who watches the upturning of a perfectly good pavement and wonders why so many inoffensive stones are carted away so frequently and then replaced with others just like them.

We know, Mr. Williams, but are ashamed to tell you!

The camels are coming. An association has been formed and inducements are being held out to camels all over the world. Soon we shall be simply overrun with them, much to our advantage, as really there is nothing so versatile as a camel. Think of it! Beef, milk, transportation, wool, shoe leather and sublime cussedness, all in one beast!

Camels should thrive in America, for this is where they started. Fossils prove it. And we think they will tend to raise the level of intelligence over here. We have much to learn from camels. When they encountered our American summer, with its infernal heat, they had the sense to cut for the Sahara.

And now comes a shocking fellow declaring that grape juice ferments inside the man. Hate to look at it that way, but perhaps this explains:

R. L. H.

A BARGAIN IN LEGISLATION.

From The Christian Science Monitor.
It cost but \$9,000 to carry on the equal suffrage campaign that recently scored a victory in the Illinois Legislature, and it was by no means a short one. Seasoned politicians of the other sex, evidently, have much to learn from the enfranchised ladies.

THE NEW FREEDOM.



Wide skirts with pockets!

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

GETTYSBURG CAMP ALL RIGHT

Veterans Deny That Conditions There Were Open to Criticism.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Veterans here have read with amazement the dispatch from New Haven in The Tribune of July 4 relating to conditions at Gettysburg. I probably live as comfortably in my New York apartment as either of the gentlemen named in the dispatch, and I know the difference between good living and bad, and in common with every veteran who has spoken with me on the subject I am most favorably impressed with the management of the camp. The food, I am told and believe, is the same as provided by the government for the national homes for soldiers. The service is as good as at any summer camp of the well-to-do and the sanitary arrangements could not be improved upon. The weather is the July weather, and not only has the death rate been far below that which might be normally expected, but many say that their health has been greatly improved by their stay here and by the wholesome exercise which the conditions impose.

The youthful soldiers of the United States who are doing such hard work for the comfort, the protection and the pleasure of their loyalty and industry are warmly appreciated. It is true, as your New Haven correspondent says, that the conditions here "would shock a pirate." Pirates of the wooden nutmeg variety, who have been debarred by the management from enriching themselves at the expense of the old soldiers, doubtless feel very sore and are painfully shocked by the spectacle of United States soldiers selling "soft drinks," ice cream, etc., to veterans at reasonable prices, instead of allowing "grates" to enrich themselves through concessions that would enable them to charge what they pleased and swell their bank accounts at the veterans' expense.

The gathering at Gettysburg is one of the greatest events of the century, and the provision made for the safety and comfort of the Union and Confederate veterans here assembled is in all respects worthy of the event.
HENRY MANN,
26th (22d) New York Infantry,
Veterans' Camp, Gettysburg, Penn.,
July 4, 1913.
We, the undersigned veterans now at Gettysburg, heartily concur in the above statement:

S. C. VAN TASSEL, late U. S. Navy;
GEORGE A. STEWART, late U. S. Navy;
CHARLES S. THORPE, late 18th Ohio Volunteers;
THOMAS H. STRITCH, late 13th Connecticut Volunteers;
PHILIP ACHENBACH, late 29th New York Volunteers;
JACOB WALTERS, late 4th New York Volunteers;
JULIAN N. THOMPSON, late 2d New Jersey Volunteers;
M. COMMERFORD, late 15th Connecticut Volunteers;
C. NELLY, late 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry;
D. C. JOHNSON, 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry;
JOHN W. COCHRAN, 148th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

BASEBALL ON SUNDAY.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It was with a feeling of the deepest disgust I read in yesterday's issue of The Tribune that the proposed game between the Giants and Yankees on Sunday, July 6, for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home had been called off.

Let us be men. Do away with all this pretence of being holy on the Sabbath. Let us work hard each day in the week. On Sunday morning thank God for favors received in the past and ask a blessing for the future, each man according to his own conscience.

Then let us have an afternoon of recre-

ROASTING IN TEXAS

One of 12,000 Soldiers There Describes Futility of Mobilization.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I wonder if the public has overlooked the fact that since the mobilization of 12,000 of the regular army at this point, in February, insurrection and brigandage have gone merrily on in Mexico. Yes, they are still at it down there, and will probably continue for a generation, notwithstanding our bluster on this side of the line.

When the second division of the army was rushed down here on fifty railroad trains, entailing an enormous and unnecessary expense, it was supposed that Mexico would stop stock still and determine upon good behavior. Mexico did nothing of the sort; but, on the contrary, she broke out with fresh eruptions everywhere. All of which goes to show that Mexicans, to the last peon, know us and fear us about as they do the horned toads of the mesa.

Most thoughtful military men here feel that the presence of these soldiers in Texas encourages rather than discourages the political outsiders of Mexico, who are maintaining petty warfare and brigandage there. The insurgents against the Huerta regime, embracing the time-honored Latin-American philosophy, "Heads I win, tails you lose," care not a centavo how many troops we keep roasting in Texas. In short, the army officer's point of view is that we should either go at once into Mexico and establish order or else return these 12,000 long suffering soldiers to their posts and end a bluff that has become a joke. We occupy a peculiar position in this camp. Sent here to frighten Mexico by threat of intervention in its affairs, we are held to broil and fed upon by rapacious insects and more rapacious traders, while Mr. Bryan shouts from Washington that under no circumstances shall we enter Mexico!

But it has been said that here is a chance for manoeuvres on a big scale. That is not true, except in so far as the presence of the soldier is concerned. After many years' experience as a soldier, I am forced to say that, with the exception of the Desert of Sahara, I never saw a more unsuited terrain upon which to teach troops the art of war. It would require great industry for a jack rabbit to hide himself anywhere within ten miles of this camp. There are no trees and no water—the camp is left behind—and the sun is blinding. There are flies and mosquitoes in swarms and jiggers (or chiggers—the devil take them!) on every blade of grass.

When we came here we found a desolate and wretched little boom town which Northern capital was trying to exploit, here on the map—at the rate of about \$50,000 a month! We are a fairly good paying proposition—as summer boarders, though most unwilling, I assure you, to the last man and mule.

How long this will last the Lord only knows, but certainly we shall remain here and fry upon this sun-baked waste just as long as the citizens' committee of Galveston and the Board of Trade of Texas City can prevail upon the adminis-

An Open Forum for Public Debate

to keep us here. The use of the army as financial stiffening to weakened real estate enterprise is a new departure, but an effective one, and our coming surely provided much good air for Texas City's flabby tire. When we arrived the corporation that owns the town and camp site, the water system, the commanding general's pretty bungalow and about everything else was flat upon its back trying to fish the financial coterie pin out of the grease pan. Then came the soldier with manna in his haversack. Naturally, it expects to keep us here to fatten off us, while we grow homelick and morbid and roast and contribute blood to everything known to the insect world.

Thus it is in a country run upon the principle that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

BUENA VISTA (U. S. A.),
Texas City, Tex., July 1, 1913.

A SUFFRAGE PUZZLE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: If, as Mrs. Hazard claims, the ballot has been of no service to man, so protection to him or his interests, how can she reason from this premise that he is still able to protect woman and care for her interest by means of it?

T. G. ATKINS,
New York, July 2, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

A young collegian who is working with a construction gang tells of a particularly mean form of graft indulged in by a certain variety of labor agent. After securing positions for the men—mostly ignorant foreigners—he charges them 50 cents apiece for transporting them to their destination. He places them aboard a trolley and pays the first fare. At the transfer point, usually far out in the suburbs, he gets off in a tremendous hurry, and after urging them aboard the second train jumps to the ground, boards a city-bound car and leaves the men to their fate. This means additional fares all around or a long walk to the camp through an unfamiliar locality. "But we got the best of one of these sneaks," chuckled the young fellow. "We had been tipped off to his scheme and never let him get out of our reach. He made his 'getaway' all right, but unfortunately leaped into the arms of several of the men, who sprang from the car at the same time, and was hauled aboard again with more haste than politeness. Did it teach him a lesson? 'Pshaw! you can't teach those fellows anything!'"

"You say you made a fortune as a merchant in the city of Mexico?"
"Yes; I had a little idea that brought thousands to me. I established bomb-proof rest rooms."—Washington Herald.

In an article in "The Journal of Race Development" on the practice of medicine in China, Dr. C. W. Young, of the Union Medical College of Peking, quotes this from a work on medical ethics: "When a patient is severely ill, treat him as thou wouldst wish to be treated thyself. If thou art called to a consultation, go at once and do not delay. If he ask thee for medicine, give it to him at once and do not ask if he be rich or poor. Use thy heart always to save life and to please all; so will thine own happiness be exalted. In the midst of the darkness of the world be sure there is some one who is protecting thee. When thou art called to an acute illness and thinkest with all thy might of nothing but making money out of the patient, if thy heart be not filled with love of thy neighbor, be sure that in the world there is some one who will punish thee."

"Blessings often come disguised," quoted the Wise Guy.
"Yes, and when they do the disguise is so perfect we don't recognize them," added the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.